

W. C. Oates

Wiff Patter's

New
COWBOY
SONGS

NO
5

Popularly known as
MONTANA SLIM

Arranged for
**VIOLIN, PIANO,
GUITAR &
ACCORDION**

PRICE 10 CENTS

1940



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WILF CARTER'S No. 5

New Cowboy Songs

Hello Folks:

Well, friends, here's a flock of new tunes I've tangled together with some words that came to me here on the ranch in the foothills of the Rockies.

Speaking for myself, I think No. 5 is one of my top-flight books - hope you agree. Yes, I trust you like the new songs and here's wishin' all my friends everywhere a happy round-up.

So long.

Your pal,

Wilf Carter

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25- So Hard To Start Over Again

1
WILF CARTER

Moderato

mf

D Em7 A7 D D7 G

Rose of my heart as sweet as the roses that
Have you for - got - ten, how could you for - get all those

D Bm E7 A7

bloom on the hill - side, their fra - grance so rare;
sweet lit - tle words you so oft - en would say?

D Em7 A7 D D7 G

— But no oth - er rose can ev - er, my darl - ing, steal
— I've made some mis - takes, I ask your for - give - ness, For -

gain. But that's hard to do when you've loved some - one
 true. It's so hard to start ov - er a - gain;
 You've been an an - gel to me, that's why I can't
 see why you leave and start ov - er a - gain.

D C. D.C.
 rall. D.C.

My Old Canadian Home

By
WILF CARTER
JOHN KLENNER
BOB MILLER

Bright

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is for the piano, marked 'f' (fortissimo). The second staff is for the voice, marked 'B♭' (B-flat). The third staff is for the piano, marked 'p' (pianissimo). The bottom staff is for the piano. Chords are indicated above the staves: B♭, E♭, B♭, C7, F7, F7, B♭, C7, B♭, E♭, B♭, C7. The lyrics are as follows:

In all the world there's no place that ev - er can com - pare, With

Na - ture's fair - est show place, It's real - ly grand out there:

Oh! the grass grows green-er, the wind blows clean-er in MY OLD CA - NA- DI- AN

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Dreaming Of My Blue Eyes

WILF CARTER

Waltz time

All a - lone I'm dream-ing,
Sit - ting in the twi-light,

D7 Gooo Cooo

dream - ing of you dear; — But I'll
lone - ly sha - dows fall, — As in

Gdim Gooo E7 A7 D7

keep on smil-ing, — though it may be years.
days gone by, dear, — I can hear you call;

B7 Gooo Cooo Gooo

Since you bid fare-well love, — and you
From the val - lies yon-der — hoof - beats

7

Em
A7
D7
G
G9
C

sailed a - way — I've been dream - ing of you, —
fade a - way — But I find I'm dream-ing, —

Gdim
G
D7
G
C
G

— wait - ing for that day. —
— of those yes ter - days —

D7
G
D7
G

Chorus

DREAM-ING OF MY BLUE EYES — far a - cross the sea; —

B7
C
G
E7
A7

— Each night I pray that you may — soon re-turn to

D7 G B7 C G
 me — No more tears or heart ache, — well start

Em A7 D7 G G9 C G dim
 life a - new — Dream - ing of that some-one, — that

G D7 G C G D7
 some - one, dear, is you. — Do the same stars

G D7 G twin-kle, — does the same moon shine —

G B7

9

Then they must re-mind you, — of hap - py days gone

by: — Though we may be part - ed, —

years may pass a - way, — I'll be wait - ing

rall. ad lib.

for you, — and that hap - py day. —

colla voce

D. C.

Weary Of Ramblin' Around

WILL CARTER

Moderato

Moderato

mf

E♭ Fm C7 Fm E♭ B♭7 E♭

Man - y years I have ram - bled. I did - n't care where. Just

A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭

rid - ing old box - cars, 'Twas home, sweet home, there. No

A♭ E♭ E♭dim E♭ B♭7

thought of the fu - ture, a - tak - ing life gay, Just a

1.

Many years I have rambled I didn't care where,
 Just riding old box cars 'twas home sweet home there;
 No thought of the future a-taking life gay,
 Just a hobo for rambling, well I guess it's my way.

2.

From the wide rolling prairie to the great eastern shore,
 We'd see all the sights from the old box car door,
 Hear the wail of the whistle feel the old box car sway,
 Hear the song of the hobo as he rolls on his way.

3.

No worries to bother just a heart light and free,
 No sweetheart no heartaches that's how life should be;
 But I have grown weary, no place to call home,
 Just bumming a handout always on the roam.

4.

When I reach the old prairie from far eastern shore
 I'll leave the old box car and ride 'em no more,
 And I'll bid my old buddies a farewell goodbye,
 'Cause I know I'll feel lonely when a freight train rolls by.

5.

But I've grown so weary of rambling around,
 And bumming a hand out as we pass through the town;
 So goodbye all you hobos, I've swung my last side,
 I've given up rambling I'm on my last ride.

My Blue Skies

WILF CARTER

Con moto. Moderato

D⁷ G
Hear the low-ing of the
When at last the rays of

G C A⁷ D⁷
cat - tle float - ing o'er the gen - tle breeze, While the cow-hands slow - ly
sun - set bid the roll - ing plains good night, And the stars play hide-and -

G Emi D⁷ G D⁷ G⁷
ride a - long the trail, All the prai - ries seem to mur - mur, all the
seek a - mid the blue, It is then my thoughts will wan - der, of old

C A⁷ D⁷ A⁷ D⁷ G G⁷ C C⁷ G
grey skies roll a - way, She's my pret - ty lit - tle blue skies from the vale.
mem - ries sweet to dream, So good-night, blue skies, and pleas - ant dreams to you.

13

CHORUS

O MY BLUE SKIES, — way out yon - der

Blue skies mean all the world to me; She's MY

BLUE SKIES — filled with sun - shine, — My

grey skies — have turned to blue — When you






 hear me soft-ly call-ing o'er the prai - rie, — Call - ing




 from the prai - rie crest, — She's MY BLUE SKIES, —







 'way out yon - der — I'm call - ing to the







 one I love the best. — O MY best.

1. 




 2. 



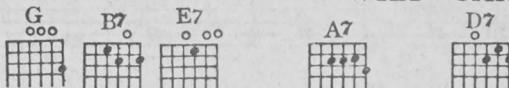

 rit.

Don't Be Mean, I Wasn't Mean To You

15

WILF CARTER

Not too slowly

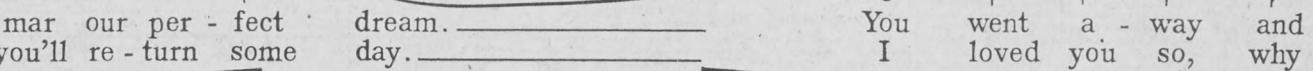


Those were days, hap - py days,
Days are blue, long nights through,



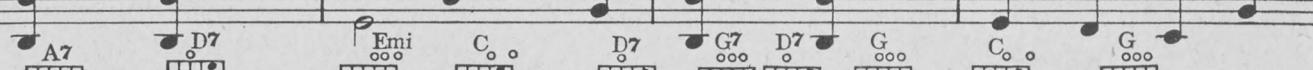
Life was oh! so gay, lit - tle girl,
My thoughts are of you, lit - tle girl,

I Noth-ing seemed to
I hope and pray that



mar our per - fect dream.
you'll re - turn some day.

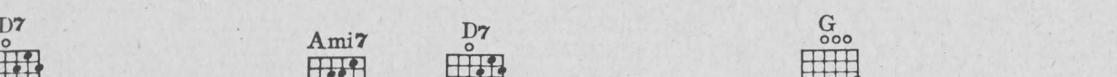
You went a - way and
I loved you so, why



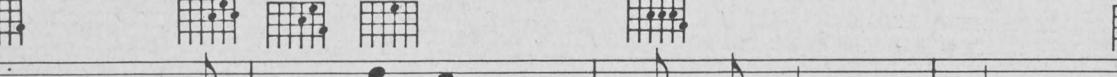
did - n't say just why you left me here all a - lone.
did you go when we were oh! so hap - py it seemed.

CHORUS


 DON'T BE MEAN, I WAS-N'T MEAN TO YOU,


 You're the on - ly girl I've loved, it's true;


 Please don't say, my dear, our love is through,


 DON'T BE MEAN, I WAS-N'T MEAN TO YOU.

G  G7  Emi  Emi7  A7 
 DON'T BE MEAN, I WAS-N'T MEAN TO YOU,

D7  A mi7  D7  G  D7 
 You're the one who made a sad a - dieu. Down

G  D7  Dmi  E7  A7  C mi 
 in your heart you must feel guilt - y too, O

G  Emi  Ami  A7  D7  G  C  G 
 DON'T BE MEAN, I WAS-N'T MEAN TO YOU.

D. C.

G  Emi  Ami  A7  D7  G  C  G 
 D. C.

rall.

Farewell, Sweetheart, Farewell

WILF CARTER

Moderato

C7 F C7 F F7 Bb
 by with a sigh. I know that most ev - 'ry one's
 mid the moon - beams. With au - tumn leaves fall - ing we
 lit - tle cow gal. With a heart full of sad - ness I

F Bb F G9 G7
 fall - en in love, And thot her as sweet as the an - gels a -
 fash - ioned our dreams, And planned a gay wed - ding, as lov - ers will
 bade her fare - well, And the sor - row it caused me no song could e'er

C7 F C7 F7
 bove. If by chance you've part - ed your heart ached with
 scheme. Then one night she told me with tears in her
 tell. To some life brings heart-aches while oth - ers find

Bb F Fdim F Dm C7 F C7 F Bb F
 pain, You'd give this whole world for her love once a - gain.
 eyes, No more could we wan - der 'neath pale moon - lit skies.
 joy, While I'm just a lone - ly and ramb - ling cow - boy.

rall. D.C.

Smiling Through Tears

WILF CARTER

Moderato

A sol - dier and his

mf

sweet-heart — stood wait - ing at the train, — She

knew with - in her ach - ing heart they might nev - er meet a -

gain — He wiped a tear - drop from her eye, these

21

words we heard him say, — “Keep smil - ing thro’ your

tears, love, keep smil - ing just for me.” —

Chorus

Keep smil - ing thro’ your tears, love, while we bid fond fare-

well, — I love you more than words can ev - er

D7  G  G7 

 say _____ Tell me that you'll wait for me al -

C  Cm  G7  C 

 though it may be years, _____ Keep smil - ing thro' your

G  G7  Em  Am7  A7  D7  G 

 tears, love, keep smil - ing just for me. _____ I

G  G7  C 

 know it will be lone - ly, but I'll re - turn some

G  A7 
 day, ————— And then therell be no heart-aches, tears or

D7  G  G7 
 sighs; ————— Kiss me once a - gain, my love, how I

C  Cm  G  Cm 
 hate to say good - bye, ————— Keep smil - ing thro' your

G  G7  Em  Am  rall. A7  D7  G  G7  C  G 
 tears, love, for I'll love you till I die. —————

Cm  G  G7  C  G  Cm  G 
 rall. —————

Longing For My Mississippi Home

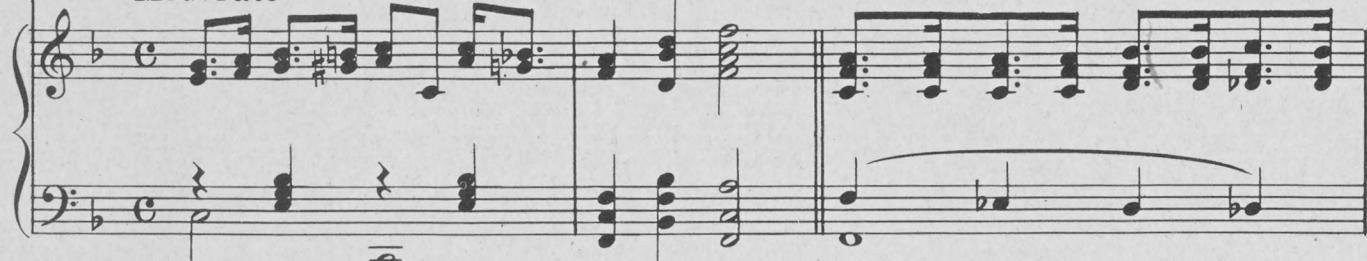
WILF CARTER

Moderato



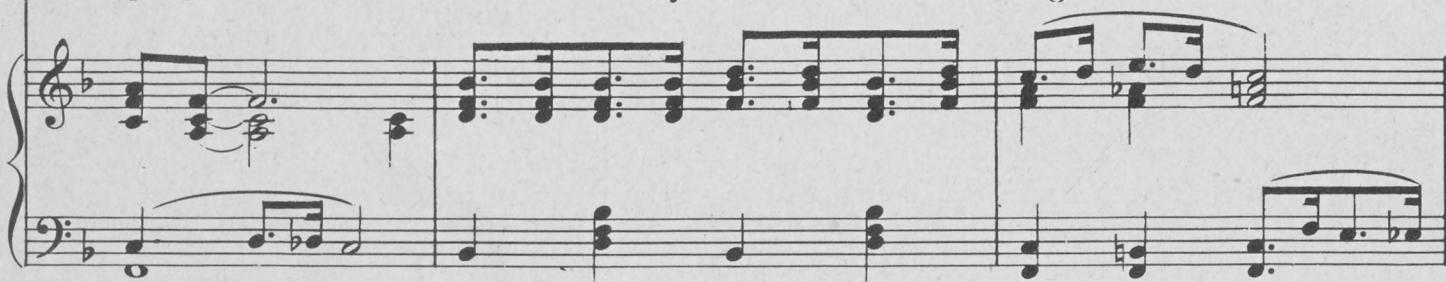
There's a home 'way down in Mis-sis-
Seems that I can see my dear old
Long-ing for my home in Mis-sis-

Moderato



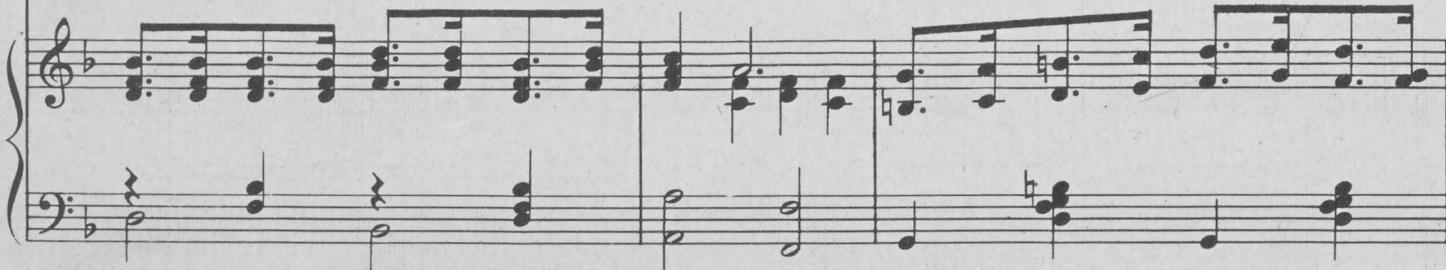
sip - pi ____
mam - my ____
sip - pi ____

Mud - dy wa - ters roll - ing by the door
When she used to tuck us all in bed
Where the mud - dy wa - ters roll a - long



Lit-tle pick-a-nin-nies pit-a-pat-ter,
"Go to sleep, you all," she'd whis-per soft-ly,
Long-ing once a-gain to see old mam-my,

As they play a - long the mud-dy
While she'd gen - tly stroke each wool-ly
Lis - t'ning while she sings a ri- ver



shore,
head,
song,

Hear the dark-ies sing-ing in the twi-light
Hum-ming lul-la-bies she learned in child-hood
Watch-ing boats a com-ing down the riv-er

Me- o - dies they cher-ish so dear,
Slav-ing in the cot-ton all day,
If I on - ly could chance to roam,

Long-ing for my home in Mis-sis-
Long-ing for my home in Mis-sis-
Just to watch the mud-dy wa-ters

Me- o - dies they cher-ish so dear,
Slav-ing in the cot-ton all day,
If I on - ly could chance to roam,

Mem - o - ries that make me shed a tear.
In the Mis - sis - sip - pi far a - way
By my dear old Mis - sis - sip - pi home

Mem - o - ries that make me shed a tear.
In the Mis - sis - sip - pi far a - way
By my dear old Mis - sis - sip - pi home

Sun-down Blues

WILF CARTER

F

1. Oh! I've got those

SUN - DOWN BLUES. Them blues I'm nev-er goin' to lose

My on-ly sad re - gret, is I hope it'll nev-er set. I've got those

After 3rd, 7th and Last Verses

D.S.

SUN - DOWN BLUES. O lee ay ee, ay ee, ay ee.

Chords shown above the staff: F, C7, F, F7, Bb, Fdim, F, Fdim, F, G7, C7, F, F, C7, F.

Chords shown below the staff: F, C7, F, F, C7, F, F, F, F, F, F, F.

2. I'm locked up in the dirty calaboose,
I cannot get a soul to turn me loose;
If you don't like my face, you can gladly take my place—
I've got those SUN-DOWN BLUES.
3. I came home unexpected Wednesday night,
My wife she told the jury I was tight.
I hit a fellow on the head when I heard the words he said—
Now I've got those SUN-DOWN BLUES.
4. It is true that I have never had a chance,
Wouldn't even let me press my pants;
I asked for just one shave, they said you'll soon be in your grave,—
I've got those SUN-DOWN BLUES.
5. Now I know that I must really meet my fate
My knees are shaking like old shimmie Mate.
Murder in the first degree is what was read to me—
Oh I've got those SUN-DOWN BLUES.
6. They'll burn me when the sun goes down;
I can see all them reporters sittin' around.
Taking pictures of my face, before I leave the place—
I've got those SUN-DOWN BLUES.
7. Says the judge, "Have you anything to say?"
"Your Honour I've been wondering all the day
If you went home tonite, found a guy lovin' your wife,
Now judge what would you do?"
8. He began a-looking from the left to right,
"Why my boy I'd shoot the dirty crook on sight."
"With compliments from me, I hope that's what you'll see
This chair is big enough for you and me."
9. Now for ladies I have always had respect
And giving up my seat I'd not object.
These few words I'll repeat, does any lady want my seat—
She can have my SUN-DOWN BLUES.
10. Oh I hope the sun gets tangled with the moon
And never finds it way back here till noon;
Sure as that sun goes down, I'll be leaving this old town —
I've got those SUN-DOWN BLUES.

The Life And Death Of John Dillinger

WILF CARTER

Andante con moto

1. There's a home in In - di - an - a, Where once was shared great
 joy, — When par - ents loved and wor - shipped, A curl - y
 head - ed boy — 'Twas ver - y soon de - cid - ed, He'd

take his fa - ther's name, — And fol - low in his foot -

steps, They wished for him great fame. — day. —

verses 1 to 5

Last verse

2. The boy grew into manhood, and started out to roam,
And much against his parents wish, he left his friends and home;
He journied through the cities, to him Fate did resign,
It soon led to his downfall, he committed his first crime.
3. The law was soon upon him, he landed up in jail,
His friends could not get pardon, nor could they go his bail,
One night he broke for freedom, by using a wooden gun,
His guard was easily "buffaloed", his clever trick had won.
4. And then began the manhunt, the greatest ever known,
With plots and plans to trap him, both brains and skill were shown;
His draw was fast as lightning, rewards stood on his head,
Go bring in this criminal, whether he be alive or dead.
5. It happened in Chicago, that's noted for its fame,
The home of big-time gangsters, where many a man is slain,
He was taking in a picture, when a woman tipped the law;
Three bullets pierced his body, he had not a chance to draw.
6. The great manhunt was ended, the innocent did pay
When by chance they stopped the bullets, that happened to go astray.
So, young man, take my warning, that crime, it does not pay,
And think of Johnny Dillinger, when he met his fatal day.

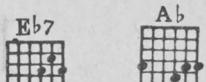
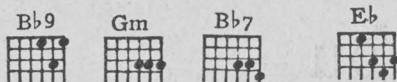
Longing For You

WILF CARTER

Moderato

1. Sit - ting here long - ing and think - ing of
 2. Rose cov - ered val - leys it's there we would
 3. I'll al - ways love you tho' we're far a -
 4. Spring - time when ros - es are bloom - ing a -
 5. Life's like those em - bers we watched slow - ly

you I'm hop - ing and pray - ing my
 stray While dream - ing and plan - ning a
 part My life and my soul, love, were
 gain I hope you'll re - mem - ber our
 die But we'll meet in heav - en some



dreams will come true
home there some day
yours from the start
rose cov - ered lane
day bye and bye

I see you in vis - ions in
But fate played a card and it
If you've found an oth - er wher -
The old fash - ioned rock - er the
And now I am leav - ing this

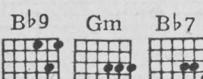
This block contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated by vertical bar lines with Roman numerals (I, II, V, VI) above them. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).



vis - ions so fair
took you a - way
ev - er you are
old fire - place
cold world be - hind

Your shack is a man - sion I
My heart it was bro - ken the
I hope you'll be hap - py but
But one thing is mis - sing it's
But still keep on dream - ing of

This block contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated by vertical bar lines with Roman numerals (I, II, V, VI) above them. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).



1 to 4

D.S.

Last verse only



wish I were there.
skies turned to grey.
my heart's a scar.
your smil - ing face.
love so di -

- vine.

This block contains the final two staves of the musical score. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music consists of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated by vertical bar lines with Roman numerals (I, II, V, VI) above them. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

Yodelin' My Babies To Sleep

WILF CARTER

Valse Moderato

I want a sweet wife with brown eyes so bright That will stay by the home-fires at
 night — Not one with a sheik ev'-ry night of the week— While I
 yo-del my babies to sleep. — I sleep. —

YODEL

Yo-lee-o-lee-o-lee Yo-lee-o-lee-o-lee Yo-lee-o - lay, Yo-lee-o-lee-o-lee Yo-lee-o-lee-o-lee Yo-lee-o - lay.

I want a sweet wife with brown eyes so bright
 That will stay by the homefires at night,
 Not one with a sheik every night of the week
 While I yodel my babies to sleep.

Mine goes to the show while the bright lights are low,
 Then dances till breaking of day.
 I get my own breakfast, work all day long
 While she sleeps the wee hours away.

(Yodel)

She strolls round at night 'neath bright glowing lights
 She's got her a sheik on the street,
 She knows every cop for two city blocks
 While I yodel my babies to sleep.

(Yodel long)

If I ask her to go out with me to a show
 There's a girl friend she's promised to meet,
 So I'm left alone by the fireside at home
 While I yodel my babies to sleep.

(Yodel)

Think I'll get a divorce, trade her off for a horse.
 It sure would be one big treat.
 Then the babies and I could go ridin' by
 And smile at her each time we'd meet.

Last night she got sore, broke down my back door.
 Then she pleaded to let her return.
 I just shook my head; gal, you feathered your bed,
 Please go now, do me one good turn.

(Yodel)

Can you picture a babe on each knee—
 When company's around I feel queer.
 But my wife says I'm fine handing her same old line,
 Oh you darling, you're grand and you're dear.

Now as you all know, sweet babies soon grow
 To join in the world's happy throng.
 But what tickles me, when those youngsters you see
 Join me in my yodelin' song.

(Yodel)

GET THESE OTHER FINE FOLIOS OF—

Wilf Carter's Cowboy Songs

Each Book Contains Different and Original Cowboy Songs By Wilf Carter
Not Found in Any Other Collection, as Sung Over the Air
By Wilf Carter (Montana Slim)

WILF CARTER COWBOY FOLIO NO. 1

CONTENTS

MY LITTLE GRAY HAired MOTHER IN THE WEST
GONNA RIDE TO HEAVEN ON A STREAMLINED
TRAIN
DEAR OLD DADDY OF MINE
MY LITTLE OLD LOG SHACK
I'VE GOT THOSE COWBOY BLUES
THE ROUND-UP IN THE FALL
SWAY BACK PINTO PETE
A COWBOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS PONY
HE RODE THE STRAWBERRY ROAN
LOVER'S LULLABY
TAKE ME BACK TO OLD MONTANA
MY SWISS MOONLIGHT LULLABY
THE CAPTURE OF ALBERT JOHNSON
TWILIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE

»»»»

WILF CARTER COWBOY FOLIO NO. 3

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BY THE SILVERY MOONLIGHT TRAIL
THERE'S A LOVE KNOT IN MY LARIAT
THE OLD BARN DANCE
THE COWBOY'S HIGH-TONED DANCE
COWBOY'S MOTHER
PETE KNIGHT'S LAST RIDE
YODELLING TRAIL RIDER
THE HOBO'S DREAM OF HEAVEN
SWEETHEART OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS
THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER
THE HOBO'S SONG TO THE MOUNTIES
THE COWHAND'S GUIDING STAR
DOWN THE OLD CATTLE TRAIL
KEEP SMILING OLD PAL
THE CALGARY ROUND-UP

WILF CARTER COWBOY FOLIO NO. 2

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RESCUE FROM MOOSE RIVER MINE
DREAMY PRAIRIE MOON
MY MISSOULA VALLEY MOON
THE FATE OF OLD STRAWBERRY ROAN
COWBOY LULLABY
PETE KNIGHT KING OF THE COWBOYS
MY LITTLE SILVER HAired SWEETHEART
COWBOY DON'T FORGET YOUR MOTHER
LONESOME FOR BABY TONIGHT
MY MONTANA SWEETHEART
I'VE GOT THOSE HOBO BLUES
MY BLUES HAVE TURNED TO SUNSHINE
THE YODELLING HILL BILLY
HILL BILLY VALLEY
THE SMOKE WENT UP THE CHIMNEY JUST THE
SAME
THE TRAIL TO HOME SWEET HOME
ANSWER TO SWISS MOONLIGHT LULLABY
(Words Only)

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WILF CARTER COWBOY FOLIO NO. 4

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